

I am the good Shepherd.
John 10:11

The Shepherd

I AM THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP. John 10:7.

The Shepherd giveth
his life for the sheep.
John 10:11

Haugen, Rev. A. K.
lects

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UNTO YOU IS BORN A SAVIOUR

SECOND DAY CHRISTMAS

Epistle: Titus 2: 11-14.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." v. 11.

The message of Christmas shows forth not the goodness of man but the infinite grace of God. It shows the boundless, undeserved goodness of God in stark contrast to the sinfulness of men. In a great Christmas book the Christmas season is characterized as a "kind, forgiving, time." That it is, and that it ought to be in a still greater measure, but such a characterization taken by itself is far from complete. Christmas comes to be such a time, only because the grace of God hath appeared, because Jesus Christ has come, a Savior for all men.

Note well that it is God who has brought salvation. Man has not gone out after it and succeeded in finding it with his own efforts. The grace of God that appeared with the coming of Jesus Christ in the flesh, the God-man, is sufficient for all men. It is sufficient for you who read this. No one need go lost. The God-man was given the name Jesus because He came to be Savior. At this Christmas season and always, let Christ be your joy.

While it is only necessary that this salvation be accepted in faith, Scripture is full of description as to how that salvation shows itself in the lives of God's children. The undeserved grace of God is not a thing that can be accepted and then be forgotten about. His grace teaches us that a heart or mind relishing the things of this world is not abiding in His grace. But a heart that has appropriated this grace is given new light, and a new life. The Christian's life is a life of righteousness, patterned after that of his great Master. It is a life of godliness. Believe in the existence, the justice, and the love of God in Christ, and then by word and deed show forth that faith. Faith in God is always busy showing love. God's great mercy to men even in this world foretells a glorious consummation in the world that is yet to be.

In this life then, faith, hope and love are very familiar words to the Christian. The prepared salvation is received by faith, it begets a constant hope of eternal life, and love is but the expression of such faith and hope, in life.

He whom the Christmas message points out pre-eminently is the greatest example of each of these three essential virtues. Our Scripture today tells us that He "gave Himself for us, that he might redeem us



Bethlehem

It isn't far to Bethlehem
Where lies the new-born King;
It isn't far to Bethlehem
Where holy angels sing.

The Wise Men saw the guiding star
That led them where He lay;
The shepherds heard the heavenly song
That brought the better day.

We, too, may go to Bethlehem
And find the Saviour Child;
We, too, may hear the angels sing
Their hymns of mercy mild.

Our hearts are God's new Bethlehem
Where Christ is born anew—
It isn't far to Bethlehem
If He is born in you!

J. Harold Gwynne.

from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works". No one else would have, nor could have, harbored the faith and hope, unreasonable to man, that from the utter humiliation of the manger birth, the scorn of men, the awful crucifixion, that he would rise with power over sin and all men, the right of fellowship with God eternally. His Spirit is also today seeking a peculiar people zealous of good works. His desire is to bring all, also you, into the great family of God through Christ.

As a closing message to you who have read these columns this year. — May you really permit Jesus to have His way with you. Let Him purify your heart and soul from the sin which so easily besets you. Do not doubt that He can. Countless numbers have found Him able, both to save and to sanctify daily in the new life of faith. Let the Christmas message of Jesus' birth give to your heart that blessed hope that for you also Jesus will appear to receive you into His eternal habitations. God is not hard of hearing when repentant sinners call. Ask daily for grace to believe the forgiveness of all your sin, and grace to make your life reflect His. Amen!

—E. H.

Christmas Prayer

Inga Gilson Caldwell

Grant, God, Thy peace at Christmas time
Within the hearts of men;
Grant, God, that glad Hosannas
May sound on earth again.

Grant, God, that we in humbleness
May find the Prince of Peace.
Grant, God, that at His manger low
The world may find release

To make the plowshare from the sword,
To purge the heart of hate;
To bring the song the angels sang
To those who weep and wait

Until is stilled the battle's din
And victory's flags unfurled.
Grant, God, Thy peace at Christmas time
Upon a troubled world.

When You Pray

Don't forget the little children
In the lands so far away;
Many have not heard of Jesus —
Don't forget them when you pray.

Jesus loves all little children,
Tell them of Him while you may;
Does not matter what the color —
Don't forget them when you pray.

Jesus knows their many trials,
Cruelties that hold full sway,
By their heathen parents tortured —
Don't forget them when you pray.

Jesus died for little children,
All their sins to wash away;
They have only to believe Him —
Don't forget them when you pray.

Jesus calls the little children,
Suffer them to come today;
He will gently draw them to him —
Don't forget them when you pray.

If you cannot go and teach them,
You can help them in this way:
You can tell it all to Jesus —
Don't forget them when you pray.

—I. M. Cattle.

ON EARTH PEACE

Great and mighty proclamations have been made in the course of history. We have had some during the last few years, when great leaders have met, or other epoch-making events have taken place. The Atlantic Charter, the Yalta agreement, and finally the announcement that war was over in Europe and later in Asia was news of the first magnitude. But more epoch-making, more deeply penetrating and far-reaching than any of these is the message sung to earth by the angels that first Christmas night: "On earth peace."

Not from the consulting room of the diplomats, nor from the patient negotiations of earthly statesmen, not from the tables of world conferences, not wrung from an enemy beaten into unwilling submission by a superior force did this tidings come. It came from the eternal councils of a loving God that would not have man perish. Through the darkness of night flashed the light of eternal glory as human hearts troubled by "fightings within and fears without" heard the heartening news that God had found a way: "On earth peace."

God had found a way. That way was through His Son. That way led the Son of God to the manger cradle, to exile in Egypt, to despised Nazareth, to the temptation in the wilderness, to Gethsemane and Calvary, thence through the grave to a glorious resurrection leading to His session at the right hand of the Father. Jesus went that way, won the peace and offers it to you and me.

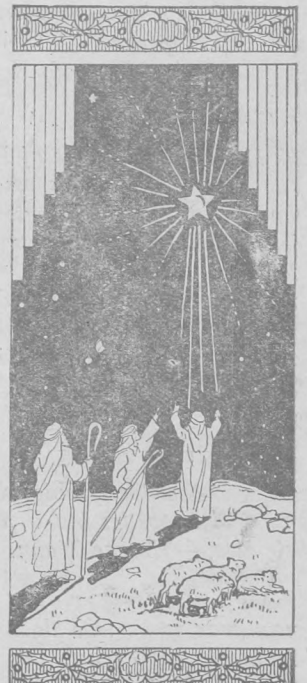
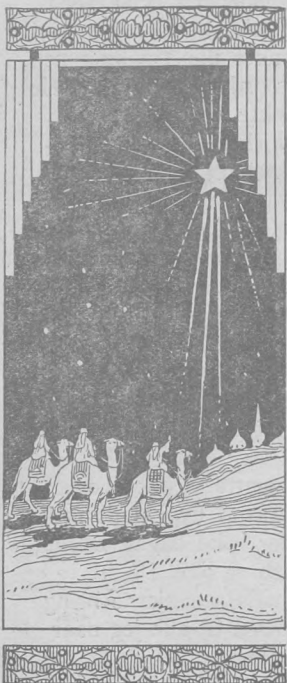
God had found a way. That way was through His Son. That way leads us to Jesus in repentance and faith. Strength for that God gives us in His Word. That way leads us further in a life surrendered to Him — a walking in Christ. That is the way of peace, and it leads to the Father.

Walking in Christ, the Way of Peace. When individuals and nations, friend and foe have learned to walk together in Him, then shall the prophecy be fulfilled: "On earth peace." A Joyful Christmas in Christ, our Savior.

—A. K. H.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING LONG AGO
WAS BORN A SAVIOUR — KING —
AND WE, EACH YEAR FROM GRATEFUL
HEARTS

HIS HOLY PRAISES SING;
AND MAY THE MEANING OF IT ALL
BRING PEACE AND JOY AND CHEER,
NOT ONLY FOR THE CHRISTMAS TIME
BUT THROUGH THE COMING YEAR!



The SHEPHERD — HYRDEN

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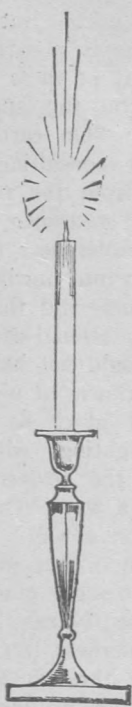
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CHRIST OUR HOPE

The Church bells ring again this Christmas. In the long dark years of the war they were mute in many lands. Some church bells were melted and made into implements of war. It is good to know that the war is over—it is good to celebrate Christmas in a world where the "lightes go on again."

We were promised a new order. On VJ day even ministers of the Gospel proclaimed that we now have a "new world", and it was our duty to keep it "bright and shining." Men bravely spoke of winning the peace. Tired humanity looked forward to this glowing prospect.

Scripture anchored Christians knew that only one way would it be assured of success—that the Price of Peace rule. Yet there is unrest everywhere also this Christmas—except in the hearts of God's children who have learned to "hope in God." He is our peace. He is also our hope. In none other is there salvation.

A thousand years ago the psalmist spoke to his soul and said: "Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God." Psalm 42:5. It is with this message we greet the readers of the Shepherd this Christmas. Our hope anchored within the veil gives grace to rest in God. Hope thou in God.

*Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings
Ris'n with healing in His wings
Mild He lays His glory by
Born that man no more may die
Born to raise the sons of earth
Born to give them second birth
Hark! the heralds angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King!"*

I have never heard anything about the resolutions of the apostles but a great deal about their acts. —Horace Mann.

* * *

The great man is he who does not lose the child's heart. —Mencius.

* * *

Claresholm, Granum, Milo, Enchant

Home Mission pastors cover wide areas to serve their congregations. Perhaps it is a carry-over of the days of the Rev. Bersvend Anderson who traveled extensively through the province of Alberta. Yes it was also rumoured that when he was called to serve in Canada his letter of call stipulated "Kanada og omegn" — "Canada and vicinity". It was our privilege to see the southern field in Alberta together with Pastor Raymond Olson. It was the field of his first love in the ministry of the Gospel. Through his faithful ministry in this wide area our church is highly regarded. In our canvassing for the College we found homes outside of the pale of the church, yet they were conscious of the impact of the Lutheran church and felt somehow they should have given it support.

We canvassed the district in around Claresholm and Granum first. Then we went to Milo, many miles distant. Here a confirmation service was conducted by Pastor Olson. There were eight confirmands: Donna Maria Heather; Donald Ivan, David Alexander, and William Edward Dietz; Margaret Arlene and Arthur Ole Nelson; Julia Marie and Christian Alvin Nelson.

At this same service at Milo an impressive baptismal service was held when six children were baptized.

From Milo we went to Enchant where a memorial service was to be held. Clarence Howg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Howg had lost his life in action. Many were gathered for this service. Pastor Olson spoke on the 23rd. Psalm. Many gifts were given in the young man's memory. After this service two children were baptized. We should also mention that two children were baptized at Claresholm.

The trip to the south field left several impressions. There is considerable amount of good-will towards the Lutheran church; Camrose College is favorably known and can under God fill a much greater place in the days ahead: the tremendous urgency to man our vacant parishes. Pastor Olson left his field only about two months ago. On this return visit ten children were baptized, and people were longing for the scriptural-emphasis preaching of the Lutheran Church.

There are opened door for our church. The whitened fields call with the urgency of eternity. Our Home Mission parishes must not be left vacant. We must pray out workers into our great Gospel opportunity.

From Admiral, Saskatchewan

On Sunday November 4 at a large crowd was gathered at the North Immanuel Church to welcome our new Pastor Edward Leivestad from Savage, Montana. Many people from the other congregations comprising this charge were present. Our former pastor A. Tveit conducted the Installation Service and Pastor Leivestad preached using as his text Luke 6:43. Lunch was served by the Ladies Aid.

At the afternoon session Julian Weiseth from Scotsguard opened the meeting with reading Phil 4:4—19 closing with prayer. Pastor Tveit preached an inspiring message. We enjoyed the time together and are happy we have a pastor again. Thanks be unto God for His wonderful love toward man. Greetings in Jesus' Name.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chris Haugen.

The Aarnes Ladies Aid of Kandahar held their annual sale of work in the church on November 22nd. The draw was made on the quilt, the lucky winner being Astrid Vik. Lunch was served. Total proceeds for the evening was \$92.22.

Mrs. R. W. Sundquist, Sec.-Treas.

"We never graduate from the place that we are sinners saved by Grace."

Abrahamson at Bible Camp.

It is not always safe to judge a man by his relatives.

Religion if it is real is volcanic liquid fire. When it cools, we gather bits of lava and put them under glass to be treasured or admired. —Allan A. Hunter.

A New House of Worship

After worshipping for the past ten years in a basement, the Prince Albert Lutheran congregation held the opening services in its new church, on Sunday, Nov. 25th. It was a joyous day for the members of the congregation and their friends and the church was filled with an overflowing attendance.

Dr. J. R. Lavik, president of Luther Seminary, Saskatoon, was guest speaker at the afternoon service, and the local pastor, Rev. J. T. Dahle, preached in the morning. Members of the Luther League had charge of the evening service, and presented a Pocket Testament League program. Dr. Lavik congratulated the members of the congregation on their faith and vision, which had resulted in the erection of their church building. In his message, he spoke about what constitutes the nature and mission of the Church, and urged the members of the congregation to use their new building as a net to gather in souls for the Savior.

Mr. O. K. Jacobsen, chairman of the building committee, spoke on behalf of the congregation and expressed the joy which the members feel at the completion of their church. Others who spoke on behalf of the various organizations within the congregation, were Mrs. Hans Olsen, Mrs. E. J. Strom, and Miss Dorothy Anderson. Music by the choir and by several individuals added much to the enjoyment and beauty of the services. A generous offering was received for the building fund, and women of the congregation served dinner in the basement at noon.

Several visitors were present and there were many expressions of admiration for the beautiful building which had been erected. The congregation is happy to have such a fine house of worship and anticipates a promising future.

VEIEN TIL SAND GLEDE

Luk. 2, 15—20.

Av S. L. Klyve.

Hyrderne var saa jublende gla, at de gik og lovet og prisede Gud midt paa svarte natten. Deres erfaring er for os fingerpek paa veien til sand glede.

Ven, er du gla? Ja, du ser gla ut, kanskje, og folk tror du er gla; men selv vet du at du ikke er det. Somme tider synes kanskje du og, at du er gla, men saa ramler det pludselig sammen som et drømmeslot.

Vil du gjerne bli gla? Hvis du gjør, saa la os følge hyrderne og se hvordan de blev saa hjertens gla og lykelige.

Det første vi merker er: De fik bud fra Gud. Hvad var det Herren hadde ladt dem vite? Netop det samme som Herren gjennom ord og Aand har fortalt dig fra barnsben. Tenk, vite det like siden du var liten, og enda ikke være gla — ikke engang i selve julen.

Hyrderne fik det gildeste budskap som har lydt paa vor jord: "Eder er en Frelser født." Merkelig, dette har folk hørt siden de var smaa, og enda ikke gla. Underlig at folk ikke vil gaa veien som fører til gleden — den rene, stille, dype gleden.

Du spør: "Hvad skal jeg gjøre?" Gjør som hyrderne, de sa: "Kom, la os gaa og se det som Herren har ladt os vite." De fulgte budskapet — de gik og saa. De skyndte sig endog. Hvorfor skynder ikke folk sig med at følge Herrens raad?

Det er vist her det mangler hos dig, du som ikke er gla. Du har ikke set det som Herren har gjort for dig.

Det du har set etter er vel helst din egen godhet, anger, gudsfrøgt, kjærlighet osv. Merk, hyrderne sa ikke: "La os se efter hvad vi har selv", men "la os gaa og se det som Herren har sagt os."

Ven, du har vist set nok av strev, slit og byrder, og kjender dig saa tret og saa grenseløs ulykkelig. Gaa nu og se hvad Herren har gjort for dig. Gaa til Bethlehem, Golgata og klippegraven, der vil du faa se det som vil gjøre dig jublende gla og lykelig — baade for tid og evighet.

Hyrderne gik og saa, og hvad fandt de? Bare et lite barn i klute i en krybbe. Ikke noe som tiltalte det verdslige sind og stolte hjerte. Men i dette ringe, uanselige barn fik de se Guds gave til dem — deres frelser.

Dette er troens syn. Det naturlige syn ser kun klute og krybbe; troen ser det som Gud har git og gjort.

Det er vist her vanskeligheten er med dig, du som ikke er glad. Gaa nu i tro og se det som Gud har fortalt dig.

Men hvor skal man gaa for at se og finde Jesu-barnet — Frelseren? I ord og sakramenter ligger han svøpt idag — der skal vi finne ham. Det er simple saker for van-troens øie; men for dem som tror er det Guds kraft til frelse — ogsaa for dig — om du tror. Du skal faa se din Frelser, han som har tat din plads for Gud, som har tat din synd paa sig og betalt syndens løn; han som er din rettferdighet og helighet. Sjæl, se se og lev!

Men enda en ting til hos hyrderne — de bar vidnesbyrd om det de hadde faat vite. Hører det med til sand glede? Troende ven, husker du da du først fik se ham — Guds søn — din frelser? Du maatte fortelle det til far, mor og andre. Du kunde likesom ikke bli riktig gla før du hadde fortalt det. Og det er netop hvad ordet sier: "Med hjertet tror man til rettferdighet, men med munden bekjender man til frelse" — eller frelses jubel.

Dette fik hyrderne opleve — og de tok det med sig tilbake til sin gjerning. Det er noe som varer — noe som "blir ved til det sidste, og som holder naar øiet vil briste."

"Ingen skal ta eders glede fra eder", sa Jesus.

Saa et kort ord til dig, som nok faar tro du er et Guds barn, men av en eller anden aarsak kan du likesom ikke faa det til at bli riktig gla. Der er saa mangt som taarner sig op og gjør det vanskelig paa mange maater. Du, la "faareflokken" din gaa som den vil for en stund, og gaa igjen og se det som Herren har ladt dig vite. Se efter saa skal du bli gla.

Som det sidste ord: Kanske noen sier: "Dette er ikke for mig, jeg kan vist aldri bli gla. Vidste du hvordan mit liv har været saa . . . , der er ikke haap for mig."

Ven, kom du og, og se. Det er jo en glede for alle folk — ingen undtagen. Blot kom og se det som Herren har gjort for dig — og git dig, saa skal og du bli lykelig og gla, — og ingen skal ta din glede fra dig. Det blir din glede, som du skal faa eie og nyte. Kom, du fordrister dig aldrig. Amen.

Mrs. J. A. Hesje fra Crooked River sender dette digt. Hun siger i brevet: "Det var skrevet (digtet) av min 88de aar gamle far hjemme i Norge da de etter frigjørelsen fik lov at samles i sitt kjære bedehus (hvor tyskerne under krigen hadde holdt til). Gud gi at vi her i Kanada maa gjøre bruk av den frihet vi har til at samles om Guds ord, og i sannhet søke Herren medens han finnes, kalle paa him den stund han er ner.

Tønnes Kverneland

Hvor stort at vi naa kan samles igjen i vaaret bedehus og prise vaar kjære Fader for frihet og fred vi fikk Om aarene har vært tunge og mange satt' livet inn vi jubler høyt av glede og fyller med takk vaart sinn.

Saa har vi da og faatt lære at hovmod og herskerlyst naar selv de vil seg opphøye de andre blir traakket ned. Guds ord, vaart dyreste eie de søkte aa rydde vekk var kirkes beste krefter ble krenket i fangeleir.

Nei Gud lar seg ikke spotte for hovmod de faar sin straff og de vaare egne nordmenn som svek vaart folk og land, de maa naa staa til ansvar og faa sin fortjente straff de søkte sin egen ære og glemte det største bud.

Aa maatte vi alle elske Guds eget livgivende ord og der søke daglig næring i trøen og livet i Gud. Jeg ville saa gjerne bringe en hilsen til alle jeg naar søk Herren før døden oss kaller og du inntil herlighet gaar.

THE ANGEL SONG

"Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." (Luke 2:14)

This song is known in church music as the "Gloria in Excelsis." In the Revised Version the last clause is translated "among men in whom he is well pleased." It could be rendered, "among men of good will," or "among men well-pleasing to him."

But can we sing that song today? Can we join in this Gloria of the angels, with present conditions in mind? Yes, we can. Christians can. Not by forgetting the debacle in Europe, in China, and now in Africa. Not by shutting our eyes to the flashes, flames and reek; not by stopping our ears to the rattle and boom of guns; but in the very midst of the din and wreckage, the blood and flowing tears.

It is difficult enough. Constricted hearts find no inspiration in all this. But it is possible to faith. Christian hope is able by the grace of God to wing its flight into His presence and hymn, praises to "Him that sitteth upon the throne."

No, we cannot see. We cannot understand. But we may believe. We may "walk by faith and not by sight." We may trust God beyond the narrow horizon of human vision. We may cherish in our hearts the assurance that "He doeth all things well." Instead of despairing we may go to Him in prayer, confident that "He is faithful that promised."

Conditions on the earth were not ideal nineteen centuries ago, but the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest!" without any doubting hesitation. Why? Because He had made provision for "peace on earth." The Prince of Peace was born to bring peace to distressed hearts and by means of peace-makers to usher in a reign of peace among men.

What kind of men? "Men in whom he is well pleased." Men who accept this Saviour and make room for Him in their hearts and lives. Men of good will. Men who love Him and love their neighbors as themselves. Men who speak truth with their lips and do what is right in the sight of God.

Jesus only can give us these. Our course is therefore clear: to introduce Him to those who have not made His acquaintance. Yes, in "the foreign field," but also here at home in our own country and wherever men suffer the tragic consequences of our neglect and their failure to include Him in thought, word and deed.

World peace is waiting for us to comply with this condition. The nations need a Saviour. What does a burning world need? A lecture on combustion? A new philosophy? An Aristotle or a Plato? No, a Saviour. And He has arrived. He is here. Will we welcome Him? Or shall we continue to ignore Him and spurn what He offers? Christmas lifts the veil and reveals Him to seeing eyes and hearing ears. "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." The Gospel is not a groan, but a heavenly song. Without it, translated into life, existence is a sigh and a sob. Yes, weeping and gnashing of teeth, in consequence of blinding selfishness, cruel injustice and poisonous hate. But the angel song is not a mockery. It is a challenge. And it is a prayer.

Bible Banner.

THE READING PROJECT

"Books are among the great ministers God has given to men." A good book is a companion, one from whom you may receive inspiration, information, and devotion. A book is a benefit. These cold winter evenings are the most ideal time to cultivate a love for reading. However, you read to make certain that what that is worthwhile, the kind of a book of deepening your Spiritual life instead of drawing you farther away from the Lord.

For several years the Luther League has been promoting a Reading Project. A selection of 5 or 6 books for Juniors and Seniors has been suggested as a guide for your reading each year. In order to interest Leaguers in good books, the YPLL has offered one free book to any Leaguer who reads and reports on five books from the current list. This book is to be chosen from the Augsburg list, and may cost \$1.00 (or \$1.00 credit will be given on a more expensive book.) This is to encourage you to build up a personal or League library.

If ten members of a League each earn a free book, the League will also receive a \$2.00 book free. There is something to work for!

Since some Leagues had books from former years in their libraries and desired that they also count for credit on free books, a list of about 100 books was compiled last year (this list may be secured from the Luther League office) so that any five of these books may also be used in earning a free book, as long as representative books from each type are chosen.

Leaguers, begin a library for your League! Send for free information and material from the League office. Elect a League librarian who will be in charge of lending the books at League meetings. The Luther League office has library pockets and check-cut cards available. If possible, purchase the books on the Junior or Senior list, or both. If there is a corner of your church basement not in use, make it a reading corner for your League. Some fellow who is handy with a saw and hammer can make a few shelves, and you can make it cozy by getting a lamp or two and some comfortable chairs. You will find it will be a very popular place with your Leaguers! Some Leagues have their own shelf in the public library. Encourage reading by having some short book reviews on your programs. Perhaps others will become interested in your reading corner and will donate some good books. Some of your Leaguers who earn free books might like to donate them also to the library.

The books suggested for this year are a representative group—fiction, devotional, biography, missions, travel, etc. The list follows, with the price of each book quoted:

YPLL Reading List for 1946

Junior

Journey to Chungking—Nelson\$.50
The Slave Who Dreamed—Oblinger	1.50
Land That I Love—LaWall	1.00
Youth Conquering for Christ—Middleton	1.50
A Very Present Help—Dobbie	1.50
In the Lands of Pagodas, Temples and Mosques—Burgess	.35
	\$6.35
Set of 6 books	\$5.75

Senior

Trumpets of God—Ylvisaker\$1.50
Christus Emptor—Gullixson50
Missionary Doctor—Cushman 2.75
Betty—A Life of Wrought Gold—Kellersberger 1.00
School of God—Arbogast 1.25
	\$7.00
Set of 5 books\$6.00
Reading "The Missionary" magazine or the "Lutheran Herald" for one year is equivalent to reading one book, and may be substituted in making application for the free book.	

—Alice Melby.

Edmonton Y.P.L.L.

The Edmonton Circuit Luther League met on Oct. 21st, 1945 for a circuit workers' conference at Central Lutheran Church in Edmonton when we had the privilege of having our District President, Rev. G. O. Evenson with us at both afternoon and evening sessions. Rev. Evenson led us in a discussion on plans of the Y.P.L.L. for the coming year and the gripping meaning of our 1946 theme "God wants You!" which truly opened our eyes to the great responsibility we have to God as Luther Leaguers—individually to our sacred purpose "To Hold and to Win Young People for Christ." Our prayer is that God will fill us with new power and zeal for Him and His work, so we may not only be Luther Leaguers but "Workers." We are looking forward to a blessed and fruitful year in our Edmonton circuit.

Luther Leaguers! What shall be our answer to the challenge of God for this year? Over this year too God has placed the name of Jesus. Jesus again offers to pilot us through the minutes and months each filled with God's Grace in Christ, — each with golden opportunities to mount closer to our goal. May God Bless and Guide each Luther Leaguer as he gives of his time gifts and energy in this great work.

C. Vikse.

The Value of Bible School Training as Preparation for Teaching

The longer I teach, the more convinced I become that Bible School training is of utmost value as preparation for this work. Why, you may ask.

First of all we as teachers need the constant guidance of our Saviour as we deal with the children entrusted to our care. They are very precious in the sight of God. In fact, when Jesus was questioned by the disciples as to whom He considered the greatest in the Kingdom of God, He answered by placing a little child in their midst, (Mk. 9:33—37) In Luke 17:12 Jesus admonishes us that it would be better for us to have a millstone hung about our neck and be thrown into the sea than to cause one of these little ones to stumble. What sort of an example do we set for them? Are we stumbling blocks? To be a worthwhile example we must live close to the greatest example, Jesus. We must live in such a close relationship with Him that we can discern when He counsels us. We can only enter into this close fellowship by studying His Word. This we can do at Bible School.

Secondly there is such a trend to modernistic teaching in our day. Christian teachers need to be firmly grounded in their beliefs. Bible School is the place to attend in order to gain correct knowledge on such topics as evolution, etc. There they are thoroughly discussed in the light of God's Word.

Religious instruction is a part of the daily program in my present school. This school district has taken advantage of the departmental regulations permitting the last half hour for religious instruction. How ideal this set-up is! The children are under the influence of God's Word each day and we know it will not return void. Needless to say, the knowledge of God's Word received at Bible School greatly assists in the preparation and teaching of such a class.

Then too, one receives other valuable training which proves an asset to any teacher. The class in "Child Study" as does the training in singing and public speaking comes to mind. In "Child Study" we discussed the child's mental, moral and social characteristics as he reaches different age levels.

Let us remember above all that teachers are influential in guiding the child onto the path he will choose in life and hence have a tremendous responsibility.

Clarence E. Flynn's poem, "The Heart of a Child" brings out this thought so aptly.

Whatever you write on the heart of a child
No waters can wash it away.
The sands may be shifted when billows are wild
And the efforts of time may decay,
Some stories may perish, some songs be forgot
But this engraven record, time changes not.
Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
A story of gladness or care,
That heaven has blessed or that earth has defiled,
Will linger unchangeably there.
Who writes it has sealed it forever and aye
He must answer to God on the great judgment day.

Let us be as well equipped as possible before we begin our task. Those of you who plan on teaching—take a year of training at least before entering Normal. You'll never regret it.

—Alida Frostad.

God Builds No Churches

"God builds no churches by his plan
That labor has been left to man.
No spires miraculously rise,
No little mission from the skies
Falls on a bleak and barren place
To be a source of strength and grace.
The humblest church demands its price
In human toil and sacrifice.

Men call the church the house of God,
Toward which the toil-stained pilgrims plod
In search of strength and rest and hope
As blindly through life's mists they grope,
And there God dwells, but it is man
Who builds the house and draws the plan,
Pays for the mortar and the stone,
That none need seek for God alone."

—St. Paul's Householder.

Can Children Believe?

Many people have speculated about the ability of children to believe. There are some who doubt that children have faith; they claim that children are immature and therefore incapable of faith. Some theologians deny that infants and children have faith.

What does the Bible declare about this? Jesus stated explicitly that children can believe—Matthew 18:6; 19:14; Mark 9:42. He even went so far as to say that unless adults become as children (that is, have faith like children) they cannot be saved—Matthew 18:3. If children cannot believe, they cannot be saved. If children cannot be saved, then adults cannot be saved because they are to become like children.

Luther's view on this point was that children can believe. He believed and taught, and rightly so, that children have faith. The most striking thing about a child is its faith, or trust, in its mother and father. And often a child by its simple faith will put an older person to shame. We lack the faith of a child; often we are faithless.

But how can a child believe, and we speak here about Christian faith? Because faith is a gift. The Holy Spirit through the Word in holy baptism creates faith in the heart of the child. That faith is not mature as yet, but it is faith just the same.

The faith created in baptism must be nourished and fed by the Word in teaching and by preaching. St. Peter speaks about the Word as milk. 2 Peter 2:2—"As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby."

Milk is the best nourishment for infants, but adolescents can grow on it, too. As a person grows physically he is able to digest heavier food and gradually his menu is changed. But the calories and vitamins are the same whether the food be prepared in one form or another.

The fundamentals of Christianity never change. Methods of education may change, new principles of teaching may be adopted, but the Christian message never changes. As Sunday school, Vacation Bible school or parochial school teachers we are to nourish faith.

Children can believe because God gives faith through the means of grace. The teacher, or the pastor, are not creators of faith; they feed faith.

"My God shall supply all you need, according to His glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:18.

Oh, what can we want that is not to be found in Him? Atonement? Reconciliation? Peace? We have all in Him. He has purchased all for us with His own blood. Do we look for Heaven? He is our title. Sympathy in sickness and suffering? He maketh our bed in our sickness. Society? "Lo, I am with you always." By night He is with us; in sorrow He is with us. Having Him who is the Father of the Fatherless and the Husband of the widow, we can never say we have no Friend with us. We are no longer alone in the world when once we can say, "I know whom I have believed."

—Christian Digest

WALTER A. MAIER —

I doubt if any other man in America is preaching to as many people as hear Dr. Walter A. Maier on the Lutheran Hour over the radio. He is a Lutheran fundamentalist and tremendously popular with the masses. The Jewish publications have decided to put him off the radio. They have the silent but active underground support of the Federal Council. Roman Catholic periodicals are not so active, but are nevertheless strongly acquiescent. It is a strange combination but tremendously effective. According to these sources, Dr. Maier is anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, anti-Liberal, anti-Russian, and pro-Fascist. Dr. Maier's broadcasts are beamed to the armed forces overseas. Nobody at home or abroad has found anything except the gospel of Jesus Christ in his radio messages, save these elements that seek to silence him. Let's keep him on the radio. The hour has about arrived to have some pro-Americans on the air in this country. That's really what's the matter with Dr. Maier.

—The Methodist Challenge.



The writer of the following article is Miss Inga Kjos. Miss Kjos was born near Cadogan, Alberta. She received her Grade XII education at Camrose Lutheran College. After this she taught at Wetaskiwin and Cadogan. In 1939 she went to Norway, returning in June 1945. At present she resides with her parents at Cadogan and teaches the senior room in the school there. The following article is written at our request.

PROVIDING FOR CHRISTMAS IN OCCUPIED NORWAY

For the Norwegian housewife December is a month of overwork. The house is subjected to a thorough cleaning; shelves and cupboards are tidied; silver, brass and copper articles are polished. Then there is the baking of all sorts of cookies, cakes and breads, and the preparation of tantalizing dinner delicacies. Such was the housewife and housemaid's lot in post-war years.

Then came the fateful year, 1940, when the occupying forces robbed the country of vast food supplies. This had a far-reaching effect on the housewife. It became practically impossible to get a maid. Groceries were no longer delivered at the door. Instead of this, the housewife had to stand in long queues in order to obtain her necessary household supplies. Providing for Christmas was no longer an undertaking limited to the month of December. It became necessary to toil and plan and save throughout the entire year in order to insure a fair amount of these provisions. The husband and the children also took part in the struggle.

During the summer and fall it was quite the common thing for men, and even women, to take a trip to the mountain farms with empty baggage. A few days later they would return, laboring under the weight of these. Quite often there were Nazi controllers, on the trains or at the station, to check over the baggage. The poor fellows who were "caught" with "unlawful" provisions, had to forfeit their well-paid-for and extremely necessary pack. Likely some Nazi official ate it the following Sunday for dinner.

The following account of how my uncle and aunt slaved to provide their family with a good treat at Christmas will serve as an illustration of the struggle put up by countless other families.

Uncle made several trips to Valdres during 1940, '41 and '42. In childhood home and on the neighboring farms, they were installing electric lights. He spent his vacations helping them with these installations. In return they gave him farm products. I often used to wonder how he could manage those two heavy suitcases besides the huge, well-packed "ryggsekk". He appeared to be too short and thin and old to be laboring under such a burden. But somehow he managed — not only one trip, but several. He was one of the fortunate who got by without meeting up with a Nazi controller. As a result my aunt always had something to put aside for Christmas — butter, cheese, meat or flour.

But one couldn't rely on such excursions to supply the family's wants. Every available spot was made use of for the raising of vegetables. This was encouraged by those in power. Areas in parks and on the outskirts of the city were divided up into plots and rented out to city-dwellers. After office-hours, business men could be seen working on their plots — planting, watering, weeding. My uncle had

his plot of potatoes. He also had a garden by his summer cottage on Nesodden. In the spring they moved out there. Each morning he would catch the boat for Oslo. Late in the afternoon he returned to Nesodden to labor in his garden. Their daughter, a stenographer, remained in Oslo. Through the office at which she worked, she was often able to provide a meal for the family. I admired their spirit and untiring effort. I often felt a bit guilty when I was asked to dine with them — knowing the effort they had to put forth to produce such a dinner, and knowing too that when they had no guest they would likely be eating salted herring. But such was the spirit of the time! When people had a good meal, they wished to share it with someone else.

In the spring of 1944 they enlarged upon their farming efforts. They obtained some chicks and a wee piggy. These they tenderly cared for. "Julegrisen" (The Christmas pig) is to the Norwegian what the Christmas turkey is to us. Where they got food enough for this pig, I really don't know. But folks didn't ask many questions in those days. There was so much that was "unlawful" that it was best to let the cheerful "lawbreaker" go his way without asking questions. I figured that what I didn't know didn't do anyone any harm. And what a hard-struggling family did to smuggle a little food into their piggy's wee belly was no one else's concern. Even if it was practically forbidden by "law" to feed a pig, that same pig was expected to have reached a certain weight before he could be butchered. I do know that they did gather a lot of grass for it. Burning-nestles cooked with a bit of chop was also a part of its diet. And where might the chop come from? — It was probably purchased for a pretty price and then sneaked home as if it had been stolen.

Little piggy grew bigger day by day. How proud they were of it! When the potatoes came in August, the increase in weight was more noticeable. But they still kept feeding it grass. As yet they did not dare to go too hard on the potatoes.

October 1 came. They packed up and moved to town again, taking with them raw and canned fruits and vegetables, four hens, two roosters and the pig. In one corner of the laundry room in the basement, my uncle had boarded up a 6' x 6' pen. Four feet above the floor he had nailed some boards to serve as a roof. From this to the ceiling, he had stretched a wire netting. Inside this division he made a roost. Mr. Pig occupied the first floor, while the chickens dwelt on second.

Had we told auntie in 1939 that she would someday be housing a pig in her basement, she would likely have been offended. Such is life! "Necessity is the mother of invention!" One day when I called on them, I found auntie in the laundry room washing clothes. The pig grunted; the hens cackled, and auntie thoroughly enjoyed it. Mr. Pig spent only two months there, but the chickens remained all winter.

In order to get permission to bring the pig to town, my uncle had to submit the names of 15 householders who were willing to give him their garbage from the kitchen. During October I worked only a few blocks from them. I asked my mistress for permission to give all scraps to my uncle's pig, and she willingly consented. So I saved all kitchen garbage — even salty herring scraps and bread crumbs.

During the last few weeks Mr. Pig was fed a "get fat quick" diet. This went hard on the potatoes. Yes, we wanted FAT pork. Shortage of butter and other fats had taught us to eat and relish the fat on the pork cutlets. They had to apply for permission to butcher before they would venture on such an undertaking. All their meat and fish books for the following year had to be forfeited. But they figured that the pig was worth it, because there was very little fresh fish to buy and scarcely any meat; so the books weren't of much value.

Christmas was in this home celebrated in much the same manner as in the good old days. The main course of the meal was "ribbe" (pork ribs). They also had "surkaal" (sauerkraut), good gravy and vegetables. During these years canned fruit or a fruit pudding was the most common dessert. That which they lacked was real coffee, sweets, oranges and nuts. Dried peas, burnt until slightly brown and then ground, was the best substitute for coffee. They thoroughly enjoyed their Christmas

Prayer

She (Hannah) . . . prayed unto the Lord and wept sore. . . . She spake in her heart. I. Sam. 1:10-13. For real business at the mercy seat give me a home made prayer, a prayer that comes out of the depths of my heart, not because I invented it, but because God the Holy Ghost put it there, and gave it such a living force that I could not help letting it out.

Though your words are broken, and your sentences disconnected, if your desires are earnest, if they are like the coals of Juniper burning with vehement flame, God will not mind how you find expression. If you have no words, perhaps you will pray better without them. There are prayers that break the backs of words: They are too heavy for any human to carry. (Spurgeon)

Sent in by Reuben Thompson,
Ratner, Sask.

A Promise For Each Need

Put God's promises to the test. They have stood the weight of centuries and supplied the need of generations. Try them, when one has been faithfully fulfilled, mark it, and that much of the Bible will be precious. Then try another, till you have at least sixty-six, one in every book of the Old and New Testaments. By this time you would not exchange your Bible for all other books ever written.

When you are in need of strength, take Deut. 31, 6. When the enemy comes in like a flood take Deut. 28, 7. When you want money go to Haggai 2, 8. Psalm 37: 4-5 and it will be yours. When you seek prosperity take Josh. 1: 8-9. For assurance that you are saved take John 5:24; 1 John 5, v. 13. For help when tempted 1 Cor., v. 13. When nerve fails and when any duties call for your attention and you feel especially weak, 2 Cor. 9, v. 8 always gives you the needed grace. When the way is hedged up and you are blind as to duty, Isaiah 42, v. 16 is life a rift in the clouds. When in great afflictions have them read to you Isaiah 43:1-2. When despondent read John 14 and Isaiah 35, and thus the Word will become to you sweeter than honey in the honeycomb.

If you feel yourself growing cold and indifferent, read the duty chapter of the Bible — Ezek. 33:1-20, or the tonic chapter, with its beef, wine and iron for the soul — Psa. 22. Heb. 4 is the rest chapter, while Eph. 3 is the bottomless chapter. Always give babies in Christ the convert's chapter — Isaiah 12. When you find a hypocrite tell him to read Matthew 23, and one who has faith and no works — James 2. Luke 15 is the "lost" chapter, while love is the beginning and end of 1 Cor. 13. For wisdom read Proverbs 3; for comfort John 16; for blessings Deut. 28:1-14. When character is your theme, take Job 27:1-16.

Search the Scriptures for a hundred more as sweet and precious promises, for every chapter has its special theme.

A teacher of a class of working girls showed them a steel engraving of a famous picture of the crucifixion. Three crosses were upon the ground. Soldiers were struggling with the two thieves, and forcing them down upon the crosses, while others drove the spikes. Upon the middle cross Christ lay down quietly, and extended the quivering palms to receive the spikes. As the young women looked at the picture, one cried: "Oh, was Christ nailed there alive! I thought that He was dead before He was nailed there." The teacher replied: "Yes, He was nailed there alive for you." The girl, weeping, said: "Then I am His forever." —Exchange.

meals. It would likely be salted herring and dried fish again in January, but Christmas comes only once a year! They had slaved all summer in anticipation of having something extra for this holiday. And now, for one short week, they did not deny themselves. I am sure that my cousins will always remember with pride the courageous effort and sacrifice that their parents made to provide then throughout all these years with so many tantalizing Christmas dinners. But they are not alone about this. Many other Norwegian children have reason to admire their parents for the undaunted courage and sacrifice they displayed in meeting and overcoming the many difficulties with which they were confronted.

"LEAD ME IN THY TRUTH"

Psalm 25:5.

This is one of David's prayers and one of great importance. David prays here to be led in the truth. The truth is the Word of God and if we are led in it, all other necessary needs will be given us. Matth. 6:33. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things will be added unto you.

To pray is to open our heart's door to the Lord. We read in Rev. 3:20 Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." This teaches us that it is Jesus that moves us to pray, and our prayers are always the result of Jesus knocking at our heart's door. Jesus himself while He dwelt among men, was often in prayer. He identified himself with our needs and weakness, and often prayed for strength that He might come forth braced for duty and trial. He is our example in all things. His humanity made prayer a necessity and found comfort and joy in communion with His Father. Mark 1:35, "And in the morning rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place and there prayed." Luke 6:12, "That He went out into a mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God." And if the Savior of men, the Son of God, felt the need of prayer, how much more should we sinful mortals feel the need of prayer!

We might ask, will our prayers be answered? There are certain conditions on which we may expect God to hear and answer our prayers. The first is that we feel our need of help from Him. The heart must be open to the Spirit's influence or God's blessing can not be received. Matth. 5: 6 "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

In our prayer life it is necessary to have faith. Heb. 11:6, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." For he that cometh to God must believe that He is and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. Eph. 2:8, "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that out of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

How can we get faith? We should read the Word of God and go to church to hear His Word. In Rom. 10:17 we read, "So then faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God." And if we pray believing that God will lead us in His truth, we may be very sure that He will hear us and guide us by His truth.

In Psalm 107:8 we read "O that men would praise the Lord, for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men." Our prayers should not only be asking and receiving. Let us not always be thinking of what we want and never of what we receive. We do not pray too much, but we are too sparing in giving thanks. We are always receiving mercies from God and yet how little we praise Him for what He has done for us. Let us keep in our thoughts all the blessings we receive from Him, and we shall soon see that we should be more thankful and praise Him more we do. Psalm 9:11, "Sing praises to the Lord which dwelleth in Zion, declare among the people His doings." Col. 4:2, "Continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving."

Prayer is an important work in the Kingdom of God. We should by prayer enter into the work in our own church was begun by our Christian parents. Build it up first by means of prayer. Then pray for workers such as Pastors, Missionaries, Evangelists and teachers. We know the fields are large and the workers are very few. Jesus' own words show us this. Matth. 9: 37, 38, "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." Let us also be thankful and pray for the workers we have.

We should pray for our congregations, and Ladies Aids, that the work may go forward to the glory of God. Our God is a tender and merciful Father. His work should not be looked upon as a sad distressing kind of work. It really should be a pleasure to pray to our Lord for guidance, and take part in His wonderful work. Psalm 86:11, "Teach me thy way, O Lord, I will walk in thy truth."

(Paper given at Yorkton Circuit WMF by Mrs. C. L. Erickson, Sendon, Sask.)

Jeg er den gode Hyrde.

Joh. 10:11

THE SHEPHERD

Hyrden

JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE. Joh. 10:7.

Den gode Hyrde setter sit

liv til for faarene.

Joh. 10:11

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Andet Nr. i December, 1945



FRED PAA JORDEN



JULEN ET BUDSKAP FOR SYNDERE

Intet budskap reduseheh menneskets storhet og godhet som julens. Det forteller om en slekt som er helt hjelpeløs og avmechtig, naar det gjelder det største og det viktigste. Det forteller at menneskene — alle de beste og edleste — er onde, saa de ikke ved sin største viljanspennelse kan bli gode eller verdige til himlen. Det forteller alt som heter menneske, at de iler mot en evig fortapelse og adskillelse fra Gud, inn i en evig verden, hvor ilden aldri slukkes og ormen aldri dør.

Der finnes intet budskap som slik reduserer alt som heter menneske.

Hvad er dog dette aa by en verden som vaar. Det kunde enda være en verden av forbrytere, voldsmenn og bedragere. Men her er ingen forskjell. Hvad skal man si, naar man tenker paa en verden av filantroper, menneskevenner, fine, edle mennesker, som legger hele sitt liv an paa aa hjelpe andre ut av synd og op til en menneskeverdig tilværelse. Avholdsfolk, fredsvenner, filantroper. Gaar det virkelig an aa by disse slikt?

Men enda verre reduserer julebudskapet oss mennesker naar man hører om den hjelp som bydes denne slekt til frelse og redning.

Hvad er det for et budskap?

Jo, det er at frelsen ligger i et barn. Et fattigmannsbarn. Det ligger svøpt i kluter, lagt i en grybbe. Der var ikke plass for det i noe herberge. Ja, det faar da enda være. Flere av slektens stormenn begynte jo ogsaa som fattigmannsbarn. Men hør videre. Dette barn bragte det aldri videre her enn aa samle om sig en liten flokk fattige mennesker uten makt og anseelse. Ikke en pute hadde han aa legge sitt hode til hvile paa og tilslutt gav man ham en forbryters død. Foraktet var han og forlatt av menn.

Dette barn — denne mann — bydes denne stolte slekt som frelser. Det bydes til videnskapsmenn og opfinnere, som ved sin viden har revolusjonert verden, til forretningsfolk og arbeidere, Kloke hoder. Sterke viljer. Utholdende og maalbevisste menn, som ikke viker tilbake for noen op-gave, de setter sig.

Ja, var det enda saa at denne frelser hjalp slummen, de som livet gikk galt for de knuste rør og de rykende tander. Det kan jo trenges. Ogsaa naturligvis de sterke, gode, menneskeslektens velgjørere — naturligvis disse, men ogsaa bunnfallet.

Er det ikke saa?

Nei. Og atter nei. Jesus Kristus frelser kun syndere — slik som erkjenner sig for syndere, fortapte mennesker. Slike som kjenner sig skyldige for Gud, hjelpe-løse i sig selv og som derfor vil la sig frelse.

Ja sannelig. Julebudskapet reduserer mennesket — alle mennesker — til et intet.

* * *

Men saa er det heller intet budskap som har den evne til aa opreise slekten som dette budskap: Eder er idag en frelser født!

Dette budskap om Jesus Kristus, Gud og mann, som gjenløste oss fra synden, verden og djevelens makt — ikke med sølv og ikke med gull, men med sitt dyre blod og sin ubillige og uskyldige pine og død — dette budskap gjelder alle mennesker. Det løser den egenrettfærdige fra sin selv-godhet, den likegyldige fra sin selvsagthet, drankeren og horkarlen fra sine syndelenger, forbryteren fra sin last.

Det er i sannhet dette evangelium som er en Guds kraft til frelse for alle som tror paa ham.

Derfor gjelder budskapet oss alle uten undtagelse. Dig og mig, kjære leser.

La oss bøye oss for Gud og gi sannheten

KOSTBARE JULEGAVER

Da Delia solgte sit haar.

Delia stod og talte over pengene sine. Syv shillings og syv pence. Og idag var det juleaften.

Delia gav sig først til at graate. Det blev jo næsten ingenting til en present til Jim. Og hun som saa gjerne vilde gi ham noget riktig pent!

Men snart behersket hun sig og gik bort til speilen. Hendes øine lyste — men ansiktet var blekt. Hurtig løste hun op haaret og lot det falde i hele sin længde.

Det var to ting, som det unge par Delingham Young var særskilt stolt av. Den ene var Jims guldur, som hadde tilhørt hans far og bedstefar, og den anden var Delias haar. Hvis dronningen av Saba hadde bodd i naboskapet skulde Delia ladt sit haar henge ut av vinduet, saa at det kunde overstraale alle dronningens juveler. Og hvis Jim hadde været vaktmester i kong Salomos hus, hvori alle skatterne var opbevaret, saa vilde Jim ha tat op sit ur hver gang kongen gik forbi, for at gjøre ham misundelig.

Og nu svøpte Delias nydelige haar hende ind, som en kaape. Det rak nedenfor knæet. Hun satte det fort op igjen og stod en stund tvilraadig, mens et par taarer trillet nedover kindet.

Saa tok hun paa sig sin tyndslidte kaape og hatten, skyndte sig ut av døren og skraadde over gaten til et hus med følgende skilt utenpaa:

“Madame Safronier. Haar kjøpes og tilberedes.”

Delia sprang med lette skridt opover trappen, banket paa og stod et øieblik efter ansigt til ansigt med madame Safronier.

“Vil De kjøpe mit haar?” spurte Delia.

“Jeg kjøper haar,” svarte madame. “De faar løse det op, saa jeg faar se paa det.”

Og ned bølget den gyldne haarmasse.

“Tre pund,” sa madame og lot sin øvede haand gli gjennom haaret.

“Javel, jeg vil ha pengene kontant,” sa Delia.

De to næste timer gik fort. Delia gleinte den haarpragt, hun hadde mistet, mens hun sprang rundt for at finde en present til Jim.

Endelig fandt hun, hvad hun vilde ha. Den passet saa aldeles til Jim, og maken fandtes ikke i nogen av de store butikker. Det var en solid forgyldt urkjede av et enkelt mønster, noget for sig selv. Delia tænkte med det samme hun saa den, at den og ingen anden vilde hun ha. Den lignet Jim. Den var enkel men solid, og det var Jim ogsaa. Hun maatte rigtignok betale tre pund og fem shillings for den, men hvad gjorde det? Med dette kjedet vilde Jim se saa gentil ut. Det var noget andet end den lærrem, som han nu brukte.

Da Delia kom hjem studerte hun paa, hvordan hun skulde bli presentabel med det lille haar, som hun hadde igjen. Men saa tok hun en krøltang og forsøkte at faa

makt over oss. La oss ta dommen over oss, bekjenne vaare synder for Herren og ikke skjule vaare misgjerninger.

Det koster for vaar stolte natur. Det koster ogsaa aa gaa utenfor leiren og bære Kristi vanære. En full bekjennelse for verden av Jesu navn.

Men Herren skal ære dig.

Han ærer dig med syndernes forlatelse og en renset sjel. Han ærer dig med barnenavn og gir dig arverett til himlens herlighet.

Julebudskapet reduserer alt kjød til et intet for Guds asyn. Men julebudskapet løfter alle som tror paa Jesus op til himlens høider.

Julen — et budskap for syndere og kun for syndere. —W.

det bedst mulige ut av det.

Det tok lang tid, men tilslut hadde hun bølget hele haaret, og det hang nu i smaa krøller rundt hele hodet.

ut som en gut og saa sig tilfreds i speilet.

“Hvis ikke Jim slaar mig ihjel med det samme, saa kommer han ihvertfald til at si, jeg ligner en donna fra en variete. Men hvad skulde jeg gjøre? Jeg kunde jo umulig finde en anstændig present til syv shillings og ni pence.”

Klokken syv lavet hun kaffen, og stekepanden stod færdig med kotteletterne.

Jim kom aldrig forsent. Delia holdt kjedet i haanden og satte sig ved bordet nærmest den dør, hvor han pleiet at komme ind. Saa hørte hun hans trin i trappen og blev et øieblik aldeles blek.

Saa aapnedes døren og Jim kom ind. Han saa mager og alvorlig ut. Stakkars gut! Han var bare et par og tyve og hadde allerede faat familie paa halsen. Han tok frakken av og hængte den op.

Men saa stoppet han op og blev staaende, likesaa urørlig som en jagthund foran sit bytte.

Han stirret paa Delia med et uttryk, som skræmte hende. Uttrykket var hverken ærgerlig eller forbauset — det var ganske stivt.

Delia reiste sig og gik bort til ham.

“Kjære Jim, se ikke slik paa mig,” sa hun. “Jeg har klippet av mig haaret og solgt det, fordi jeg ikke kunde taale, at du ikke skulde faa nogen julegave. Det vokser snart ut igjen, forstaar du. La os nu være glade. Du kan ikke tro for en nydelig ting, jeg har kjøpt til dig!”

“Har du klippet av dig haaret?” utbrød han. Det var, som om han ikke kunde fatte det.

“Ja, klippet det av og solgt det,” gjentok Delia. “Du synes vel like godt om mig for det?”

Jim saa forstenet ut. “Er haaret borte, sier du?”

“Ja, du behøver ikke at se efter det. Det er solgt og borte. Det er juleaften, ser du. Vær ikke vond paa mig. Det var for din skyld, jeg gjorde det. Skal jeg sette frem kotteletten, Jim?”

Det saa ut som om Jim endelig vaaknet op av sin bedøvelse, og han omfavnet Delia. Saa tok han op en pakke av lommen og la den paa bordet.

“Misforstaa mig ikke, Delia,” sa han.

“Jeg tror ikke, at jeg synes mindre om min lille kone, fordi om hun har forandret haarfacon. Men naar du aapner pakken, vil du forstaa, hvorfor jeg blev lidt forbløffet.”

Delia aapnet forsiktig pakken. Først saa hun henrykt ut, men saa brast hun i graat, saa at Jim maatte forsøke saa godt han kunde at trøste hende. I pakken laa nemlig et par nydelig haarkammer, som Delia hadde beundret i et butiksvindu i Strand. Ægte skildpadder med rubinkanter, som vilde ha passet utmerket til hendes haar. Nu eiet hun dem, men det haar som de var bestemt for, var væk.

Delia trykket kammene indtil sig, og endelig kunde hun se og smile:

“Haaret vokser saart ut igjen,” sa hun, hvorpaa hun sprang op.

Jim hadde endnu ikke set sin present, men nu holdt hun den straalende op for ham.

“Er den ikke pragtful, Jim? Jeg har fløiet byen rundt for at finde den. Kom nu med klokken, saa skal vi prøve, hvordan de passer sammen.”

Istedet for at svare, kastet Jim sig ned paa sofaen og sa leende:

“Det er bedst vi gjemmer disse presentene til en anden anledning, Delia. De er altfor fine akkurat nu. Jeg solgte klokken for at kjøpe de kammene. Og nu synes jeg vi skulde spise, kotteletterne.”

—Norsk Ungdom.

En Hilsen fra en gammel ven

De som forlader sig paa Herren, er som Sions Bjerg ikke rokkes, men staar fast evindeligen. Salm 125:1.

Det er Guds børns tryghed som her beskrives. Vi skal ikke blive svert gamle eller gjøre mange erfaringer før vi oplever at livet her bringer mange skuffelser. Mange av vore kjæreste ønsker blir aldrig opfylt, mange haab skuffer os. Alt som hører til Denne jord ligger under forkrenkeligheds lov. Alt er ubestandigt og foranderligt. Om vi for eksempel i det ydre har det godt idag, lever i lykkelige familieforhold og har alt vi trenger for dette legeme og liv, sa kan mangt vere forandret imorgen. Og over alt lurer døden paa os, selv paa dem vi holder av. Der er kun en eneste ting som giver tryghed her i foranderligheds verden, og det er at vere Guds børn; men det giver ogsaa en usigelig tryghed of fred.

Allerede den gamle pagts troende forstod det, og dette har vist sig i Guds ord paa mange steder, blandt andet ogsaa i denne salme. Den brugtes ved festreisene og istemtes naar de kom saa ner Jerusalem at de kunne se byen. Der laa “den hellige stad” saa trygt bygget paa bjerget. Og bjergene er jo det saligste paa vor klode. Men som om dette ikke var nok, var der desuden trint omkring staden bjerger. Saaledes bygger Guds børn paa en klippe som staar naar alt ramler sammen og falder, og Gud Herren omgiver dem alltid og over alt med sin Faderlige omsorg. Hvad kan da skade os? Naar Gud er for os, hvo kan de vare imod os? Bjergene skal vige og Høiene bevegese, men Herrens fredspakt skal ikke rokkes evindeligen. Ja selv døden kan ikke skade Guds børn. For mig er det at leve Kristus og døden er en vinding, siger Paulus. Leser, er du et frigtort og lykkeligt Guds barn?

Fra Stille Stunder sendt ind en lang tid tilbake av Nils Fjeldheim.

JULEAFTEN

I den stille aften
la os gaa til krybben hen,
medens kirkeklokker kime,
la os prise Frelseren.
Han som fødtes for at bære
syndens skyld og syndens smerte.

Hør, hvor engle prise Herren
med de underfulde ord.
Deilig lyder sang fra hæren
til den faldne slekt paa jord:
Fred udi dit bange hjerte
imot al din nød og smerte.

Han er lægen som kan læge
og forbinde dine saar.
Han kan gjøre sorg til glede.
og i hjertet gledens vaar.
O, saa kom da hen til krybben,
der du finder sjelehyrden.

O, min sjel, syng takkesalmer
for hans store kjærlighet,
sving i troen dine palmer,
og forkynd den store fred,
som du fik udi dit hjerte,
ved hans fødsel, død og smerte.

Du som endnu borte vandrer
langt ifra din sjeleven,
hør han kjærlig paa dig kalder:
Kom dog til min krybbe hen
O, der skal du finde livet,
ved den frelse jeg dig givet!

Herren sender sit ord som en dyp redningsstige ned i vor bedrøvelses dyp for at vi i dens trin skal kunne stige op i det høie.

—Besser.

Pray for our Parish Workers



Report from Edmonton

It was not without a feeling of fear that I accepted the call of Parish Worker here in Edmonton. However, the Lord gave me this promise "Fear not, rejoice and be glad; for the Lord will do great things," and from it I took courage. It is wonderful to know that the Lord has chosen to do His work through His Children on earth. May He give us grace to be faithful in the place He has placed us.

My work here consists chiefly in home and hospital visitation. Many of the sick who I see are invalids who have been bed-ridden for years. It is good to share the Word of God with them.

I believe this can be a field of great possibility. There is great need for personal work, and can be our privilege to point souls to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

—Marie Heggstad.

President's Column

The end of another year reminds us vividly of the inexorable march of time. One at a time, twelve months have come and gone. One at a time, 52 weeks have arrived and departed. One at a time, 365 days have paraded into history. One at a time the hours, the minutes, the seconds have flitted by, leaving behind a varied assortment of joys and sorrows, of victories and defeats, of opportunities used or neglected, of divine grace received or rejected. Surprisingly soon will the sands of time have run out for each one of us. Most emphatically we need each one to pray with the psalmist, "Lord so teach us to number our days that we may get us a heart of wisdom."

The record of the past includes many mistakes and failures. The vision of the future beckons with many encouraging possibilities. But that which we have to deal with is the present. Scripture frequently emphasizes the present: "Now is the day of salvation.... Today harden not your hearts.... Go work today." We are to plan and prepare wisely for the future, but the present we must use wisely.

In our Luther Leagues we must be busy now in the work of holding and winning young people for Christ. Christ affirmed, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields that they are white already unto harvest." Let each Leaguer pray to have his eyes opened to see the harvest of souls ready to be gathered in.

To urge upon our Leaguers the urgency of serving Christ now is a main aim of our "Faith in Action" project. Pastor Oscar C. Hanson after his visit to our district last fall, wrote some kind words about this endeavor: "I am very much impressed with the Luther League work in Canada. Your 'Faith in Action' program is remarkable."

One of the concrete aspects of this project is our support of three parish workers. Reports indicate that the Lord is using them to blessing. Pray for them. Give that we might be able to continue this work, and even to expand it. We are to do more than to hold the fort. God's command is, "Speak thou to this people that they go forward."

In faith let us go forward with Christ



Report from Saskatoon

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for I the Lord thy God am with thee whithersoever thou goest". —Joshua 1:9.

What a wonderful God I have! When I look back on my life and trace God's leading, I marvel. I am thankful it is God who says, "Have not I commanded Thee?", and also "I the Lord thy God am with thee". With the command comes the promise. And even though I fall so short, God is always faithful.

As you pause in your work for a while, permit me to take you with me through a week of activities such as I am permitted to partake in as Parish Worker here in Zion Lutheran Church.

Monday morning all the Sunday School cards are checked and cards are sent to all absentee pupils. Cards of encouragement are sent to all visitors who signed our Guest Book the preceding Sunday. The Sunday bulletin and a tract are sent to all our shut-ins and Sanitarium patients. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings are spent in various phases of office work. Friday morning there is the Sunday bulletin to get ready, and Saturday morning the Confirmation Classes.

But what about the afternoons? To briefly summarize: Tuesday there are patients at City hospital to visit. There are also over twenty Lutheran patients in the Sanitarium who look forward with expectancy to a visit. I cannot begin to describe the blessings experienced while visiting these patients. I feel I am doubly repaid in my own life. Their cheerful countenance and spirit have an inspiring influence on all who visit them. Wednesday afternoon there is the Ladies Aid and Circle meetings. Sometimes the pastor has other duties to perform at this particular time and then I have to lead the group in the Bible Study. At such a time it is good to be able to claim the promise — "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee". On Thursday the patients at St. Paul's Hospital are visited. There is also time to call on some more of the patients at the Sanitarium. Beside sick visitation there is visitation to be done in the congregation. Friday afternoon is spent in this manner. Every other Saturday afternoon there is Junior L.D.R.

Last but not least, we come to the evenings. Monday evening I have a private Sunday School class, if I may call it that.

EDITORIAL

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." Prov. 29:18.

Young men may dream visions, but it takes much grace and perseverance to carry visions into the realm of practical reality. To plan is one thing; to act on those plans in another. In the enthusiasm of conventions, conferences and rallies, we resolve, report and go on record.... but we need to complete the job on our knees before God pleading for courage and strength to be faithful unto the end.

Christian leaders, encourage our project of parish workers. Christians everywhere

in the year that lies ahead.

—G. O. E.

Again I thank God that He goes with me. This class consists of a girl in her late teens who has never been to Sunday School—who knows nothing about God—and who has never tried to memorize anything.

"If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore
You can find the heathen nearer
You can help them at your door".

The first Tuesday evening of the month is the evening for our regular Sunday School teachers and staff meeting. Every other Tuesday there is L.D.R. Wednesday evening as a rule is open for more calling in the congregation. Thursday there is a Prayer Meeting followed by Choir Practice. Friday night there is usually some social function, either in the Luther League or the L.S.A. On Sunday there is Sunday School, Divine Service and Vesper Service.

A week such as this may vary from time to time according to circumstances which may arise.

Once a month we send out a Monthly Church bulletin. We have a mailing list of about 300 who receive this paper monthly. There is also a house to house canvass to be made this month.

As I go about my work I have one regret — that I didn't get started in it sooner.

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for — others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for you,
Must needs be done for — others.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for — others.

And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of — others.

Others, Lord, yes, others;
Let this my motto be;
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

—Margaret Braathen.

— PRAY FOR OUR PRESENT WORKERS AND THAT THE LORD OF THE HARVEST WILL SEND MORE SUCH WORKERS INTO THE FIELD. Surely in these tremendous parishes in Canada District, we can use another dozen parish workers now. There are young people who feel called to go into this work. Surely there is a place for them all. What about those vacant parishes?

Let us never say "no" to those who surrender to say "I offer to work in the harvest field today." Never say "no" until the harvest is all in. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

We must go out into the highways and the by-ways and compel them to come in that my house may be full.

Stewards of God will you support this



Report from Prince Albert

"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." —Phil. 4:19.

This is one of the many promises of Scripture that has become exceedingly precious to me since I began serving as Parish Secretary in Prince Albert. I have truly experienced the truth of these words from day to day, as he has enabled me to claim them as my own and depend upon Him to supply every need. It is good to know that "He who has promised is also able to perform."

It is indeed a great joy and a blessed privilege to serve my Lord and Master in this work, and I am thankful for the many opportunities which are placed before me daily. Each day we are given new and varied duties to perform so the work is very interesting. Every week-day morning is spent doing the regular office duties as an aid to the pastor. The afternoons are taken up with visiting the sick in the homes, hospitals or sanatorium, and calling at the homes of the city.

Much happiness and blessing comes from visiting the many who have been laid aside in beds of pain; To share good books, papers and tracts with them. Often there are those whose hearts are heavy with sorrow or anxiety, but it is good to be able to point them to the Savior who alone can satisfy not only bodily needs, but also give peace and rest for the soul. One cannot realize fully how blessed it is to share Christ and His word with such until one senses the joy and appreciation of those who are visited.

Another important duty is that of calling personally at the homes. Both the members of the congregation and prospective members are visited for the purpose of inviting them to attend services and other activities of the church, to encourage children to attend Sunday school, and invite the young people to take an active part in Luther League work. Tracts and other reading material are left in the homes also.

Then too, it is part of my work to assist in promoting the work of our Sunday school, L.D.R., Luther League and serve wherever the pastor has need of help.

May we, who have received the call to serve as Parish Workers be given grace to draw upon Him for help in all things, knowing that He will give us wisdom, guidance and insight to meet aright every task and also continue to increase our joy in service.

Dorothy Anderson.

work? Send your love offerings to our district treasurer, Rev. M. B. Odland, Swift Current, Sask.

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Malachi 3:8-10.

—G. L.